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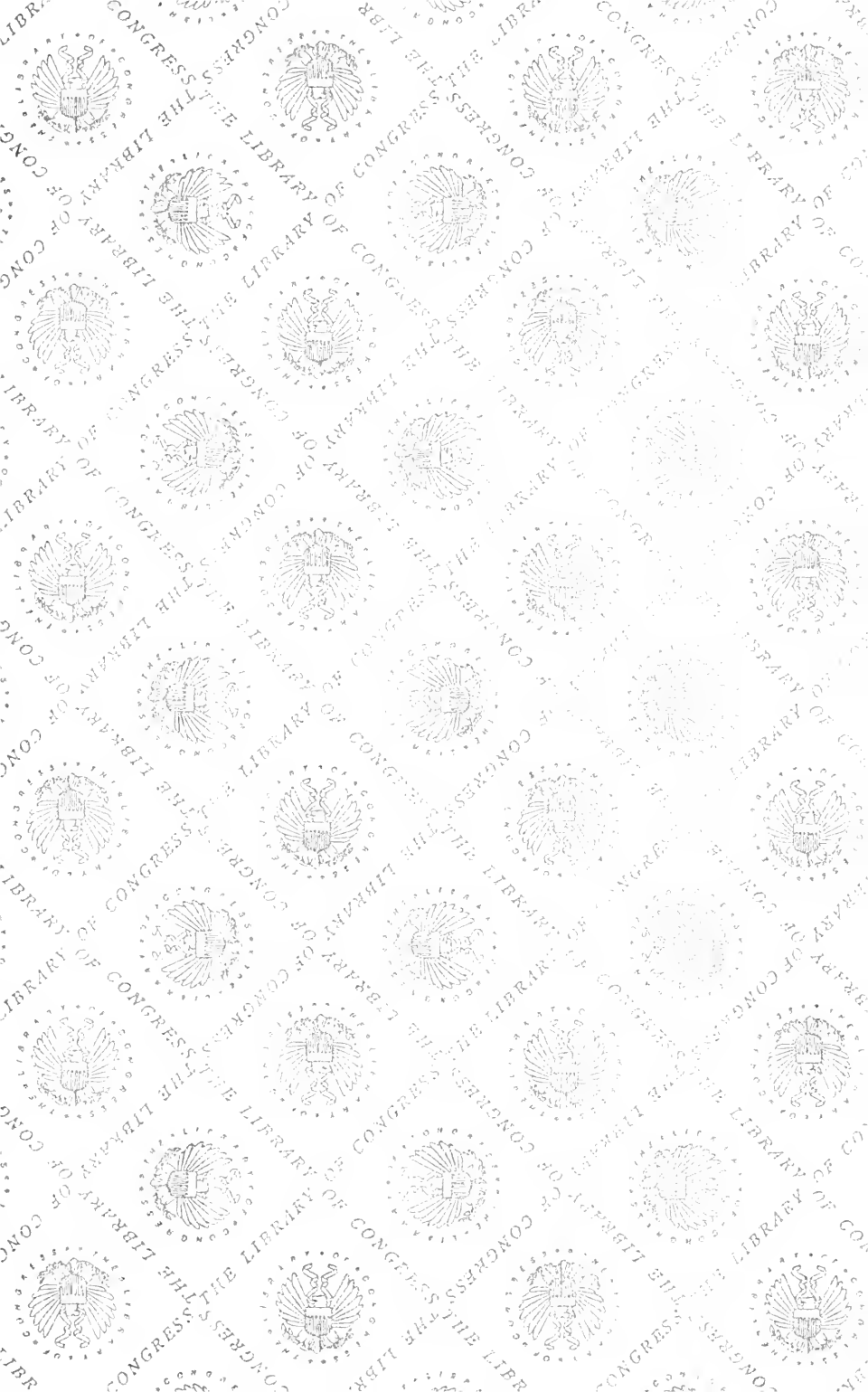
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WASHINGTON: A MASON



ADDRESS DELIVERED BY BROTHER JOHN CAVEN,
ITS FIRST WORSHIPFUL MASTER, BEFORE
MYSTIC TIE LODGE No. 398, F. & A. M.,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., DECEMBER 14, 1899, BEING
THE CENTENNIAL OF THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON





J. Cavan

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INDIANAPOLIS
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IN EXCHANGE

R. W. PULCHER

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WASHINGTON: A MASON.

Washington was a Mason. And it is fortunate he was; for upon this fact depended important consequences; the success of the American Revolution, the union of the States and the formation of our government. He became a Mason in his twenty-first year, and thus early, imbued with Masonic principles—which had much to do in forming his character and making him that which he became, the Father of His Country, the founder of a nation and the Colossus of all time.

One hundred years ago to-day he died, and upon this day Masons held memorial services at his tomb; and one hundred years hence, on the return of this day, Masons now unborn will gather again at that shrine and render homage; and thus every century whilst the centuries come and go. Washington at first belonged to America, and his name and fame to the American people. He now belongs to the world, and his name and fame are in the keeping of all mankind.

Washington and Masonry—a grand combination. Washington belonged to the world, and Masonry is a world institution. It had much to do in making history, and its influence on other world-institutions, progress, civilization, liberty and religion was great.

Masonry, it is claimed, is an ancient institution, and so indeed it is; one of the oldest in the world, and in its origin

was a religion. A religion collected and combined from the great natural religions of antiquity. A religion in which our ancient brethren were seeking for truth as best they might, and from and all, and the only light they had—the light of nature. And these truths when found, as they believed, they formulated into a system of rules for their government here, and a declaration of faith, hope and belief in a life to come. And hence this ancient religion was an attempt to define man's relation and duty to some power above him, his fellowman and himself here and hereafter. Before the light of Revelation, the most earnest seeker for truth could only, and but slowly and dimly, learn from observation and experience, from the material world around him, in which all seemed to end at the grave, and there was but a skeleton, and even that skeleton mouldered to dust; and if beyond the grave there was aught but nothingness, it was a realm so dark that mortal eye could not pierce its gloom. And though looking up into heaven from whence all light seemed to come, to the questioning spirit from the stars by night or the sun by day, came no answer, no answer to hope. Above, about, around, beyond, all and everywhere seemed buoyant and teeming with life, but all seemed only born that it might die. The eagle on broad, strong, brave wing rose up—up—up—to an eyrie in the skies till lost beyond the clouds, but soon with folded, palsied pinions fell again to earth. Lifeless the sweep of that once mighty wing; blinded that bold eye that gazed defiance at the sun; and that once proud messenger bird of Jove himself brought indeed a message from the empyrean to earth: but that message was the same, still the same as the epitaphs written by man for ages on the tombs of his fathers: and

that message was death! death! death! But the wonderful manifestations of even inanimate nature led the wise and thoughtful to a belief, that there must be some higher, and that, too, an intelligent power above and beyond, and out of this was evolved the conception of a god, a creator and ruler over all. And to this Creator they attributed omnipotence and omniscience, but invested with the nature, motives and passions of their own humanity, so that the gods of the ancients were but mighty men; men with the powers and attributes of gods, and gods with the weaknesses and passions of men.

But this observation and experience had taught them, too, that this human body is but dust and must die; but there was something stirring and speaking from within which longed to live and felt it could not die; and out of this longing sprang a hope, and out of that hope a belief, that the spirit of man would live, and live forever, and thence came dreams of an eternal spirit home, and faith and hope looking through the portals of the tomb, beheld far away and beyond apocalyptic visions of a celestial city, its gates of pearl, its streets of gold and jasper walls, and the glory of God did lighten it, and the name of that celestial city was Heaven, Paradise, Elysium.

But this observation and experience had taught them, too, there were widely varying conditions around them, and in the lives and conduct of men, conditions which they called right and wrong, good and evil, of pleasure and pain, to be desired or avoided, and human actions which some intuitive sense told them were worthy of regard or deserving of punishment; but realizing how imperfectly justice was administered here, they taught there was a fate which

would follow each one into that spirit world, where reward and punishment would be meted out by an infinite and unerring judge; and thus in the human imagination took form the conception of two spirit worlds; one of light and happiness and reward for the good, and one of darkness, doom and punishment for the wicked; and these spirit worlds they called Elysium and Tartarus, Paradise and Gehenna, Heaven and Hell; and thus from nature's light alone was evolved a creed of natural religion, sublime too in its teachings, for it taught the existence of one God, the immortality of the soul and a future of rewards and punishments. It taught, too, the great Fatherhood of God, and was the first to teach the universal brotherhood of man. It taught, too, there is an all-seeing eye continually searching every human heart, and a recording angel recording every wicked thought and deed for the day of judgment. A sublime creed indeed, from nature's light alone; a creed born of a search for truth, out of an attempt to build an altar for the worship of the Good; a creed fitting man better to live, though death ended all, and better to die, though dying he should live again; a creed accepted almost unchanged by the most advanced religious and philosophic thought of to-day.

Masonry has been charged with a mission; a grand mission; a mission of love and mercy, liberty and peace; on earth peace, good will toward men. Many great organizations have waged wars of ambition and conquest, for power and spoil; and many great and bloody wars have been waged even in the name of religion. Masonry battles only for right, truth, justice and liberty, and ever sends in ad-

vance the white lambskin banner of truce proclaiming toleration and peace.

Washington was a soldier. A soldier's business is to kill and destroy; but Washington drank inspiration from Masonry, and fought only for freedom, only for the rights of man: and Masonry has ever been the world's great evangel of liberty.

Not only Masonry, but Free, Free Masonry its name. That word free is a grand word; there is music in the sound. It tells of limbs unshackled, thoughts unfettered; and that name Free Masonry is a grand title to a grand order, derived from, and commemorative of, two great epochs in the world's history of freedom. Free, Free Masonry its name; its very name derived from freedom's own baptismal font.

Masonic historians declare that the origin and meaning of the word Mason is exceedingly obscure, but it can be traced through the ancient natural religions, at once proving both its origin and its great antiquity.

Mason is from a Hebrew word found in the Bible; but as spoken by us, slightly changed in the pronunciation. After the Children of Israel escaped from the land of bondage, they wandered forty years in the wilderness. And the Lord said unto Moses: Let them make me a sanctuary, that I may dwell among them, according to all that I show thee, after the pattern of the *Mascan* or *Mishsan*, a word translated to mean tabernacle. And this pattern God gave to Moses on the mount, together with the tables of stone; and the tabernacle was made of boards set upright and separated by a veil into two sanctuaries. The outer was called the Holy Place, or the Sanctuary; and the inner was by God Himself called the *Mascan* or *Mishsan*, the Holy of Holies,

or the Sanctuary of Sanctuaries; and into it no one was permitted to enter except the High Priest, and he but once a year: and in it was kept the Ark of the Covenant, the Tables of Stone, the Holy Cherubim and the Mercy Seat. It was set upright and anointed with holy oil: and the first syllable of the word is the same as the *Mas* in *Massiah*, which means *to anoint*, or *the Anointed*, and the last syllable of the word means to erect or set up, so that *Mason* applied to an individual means one pure and upright in character: and applied in architecture means a tabernacle, set upright, anointed with holy oil and dedicated to sacred uses; and after the building of King Solomon's Temple it is the word always, and especially used to mean the habitation or the dwelling of the Most High; and every Masonic temple and every Mason's heart should be true to that name—a temple dedicated to liberty, a tabernacle, a habitation, a dwelling, a Holy of Holies, a Sanctuary of Sanctuaries for the Most High.

While in the wilderness the *Mascan* was where abode the pillars of cloud and fire when at rest: and from thence went out to their wondrous stations in the sky to lead the Children on in their journey towards the Promised Land.

In the Hebrew language, the last syllable also means *a nest*, the nest of a bird; and especially the nest of an eagle—the lofty habitation of the greatest and most powerful of the birds, built among the rocks or on the mountain heights: As an eagle stirreth up her nest. And the Lord said unto Job, doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and build her nest on high? She dwelleth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, in the strong place. Though thou build thy nest high as the eagle, thence will I bring thee

down, saith the Lord. Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and build thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord.

Masonic historians trace Masonry through the religions of Egypt, India, Persia, Chaldea and Ethiopia; and in the Ethiopic language *Mas*, the first syllable in *Mason*, is the word which means *a man*; and not merely a man generally, but a strong, healthy, and especially a virile or procreative man; and in the ideographic or picture writing of that language, a man is represented by the Phallus or Lingam, the male organs of generation; and slightly modified from the nude in art, is the same in Hebrew. It is also the symbol of the seventh sign of the Zodiac, the *Libra*, the *balance*, the *reins*, which the ancients who named it believed to be the hidden fountain, source of life—the seat of the affections and passions; and in the body, the central home of the mind, the intellect, the soul, the governor and controller of the human will.

Ramesides was the title of a royal dynasty, and Rameses the names of fifteen of the Pharaohs or kings of Egypt, among them the Pharaoh of the Jewish bondage and exodus. The Egyptians worshipped the Sun, and they called it *Ra*: and *Mas*, a man; and so Rameses meant the sun or god-man, or one who was both god and man.

One of the names of God in Hebrew is *Jah*—the great and terrible name by which he rideth upon the heavens; and in that language *Messiah*—or more accurately *Masjah*, as the Sanskrit has it—also means a man of God, or one who is both god and man.

The English language traces its philology through the Indo-European into the Aryan—the language of ancient

India, the cradle of the human race, and that language was divided into two great idioms, one called *Prakrit*, the common or natural language, and the other called *Sanscrit*, or the sacred language—the language of the priesthood, and in which the sacred books were written. In the *Prakrit*, or common language, *Manis* is the word which means a man generally, and means one who thinks: and from it comes our word *Man*: while in the Sanscrit, or sacred language, *Mas* is the word which also means *a man*, and from it comes our word *Masculine*; and this word *Mas*, as in the Ethiopic, means a strong, healthy, virile, procreative man, and *San* means sacred or holy: so that *Masson* means a perfect and holy man.

Sanscrit is the name of the sacred language of India, and in that language *San* means sacred, and *Skrit* means writing; so that *Sanscrit* means sacred writing in the same sense in which we use the words Sacred Scripture. Indeed our word *Script* comes from this Sanscrit *Skrit*, and from this Sanscrit word *San* comes our words sane, sanity, sanitary, saint, sanatorium, sanctuary, sanctum sanctorum, sanhedrin, meaning holiness and holy places, soundness of body, sanity of mind and sanctity of heart; and also the adjective prefix *San* in many Italian and Spanish names, meaning holy places and sainted persons, as, in English, Saint Peter's, Saint Paul's, and Saint John's.

In the Ethiopic, the Sanscrit and the Arabic the word *Mason* means a sacred temple; and in the Hebrew, the precise word *Mason* spelled in letters equivalent to our *Macon* means the habitation or dwelling of the Most High: And the Lord will create on every *Macon* (dwelling place) on Mount Zion a cloud and a smoke by day and the shining of

a flaming fire by night. When some of the chiefs of the fathers came to the house of the Lord, which is at Jerusalem, they offered freely to the House of God to set it up on His *Macon* (His dwelling place): Thou wilt bring them, O Lord, to the *Macon* place which Thou has made for Thee to dwell in: Hear Thou in *Macon* Thy dwelling place: Hear Thou their prayers and supplications in *Macon*, Thy dwelling place: From the *Macon*, the place of his habitation, He looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth: And the Lord said unto me, I will take My rest and I will consider in My *Macon*, my dwelling place.

In our language hero, giant, despot, tyrant, monarch, emperor, sultan, the anointed, are all and each but one word, and each meaning a man; but impliedly much more than an individual man. And in those ancient languages—the Ethiopic, the Sanscrit, the Arabic and the Hebrew—*Mason* is a comprehensive word, requiring many words in our language to fully express its meaning. *Mas* meant a strong, healthy, virile, procreative, anointed man; health, strength and virility being regarded as the great essential element of true manhood; and *San* meant perfect or holy. So that *Mascon* applied to an individual meant a strong, healthy, virile, procreative, anointed, perfect man. Only one word, and meaning a *man*, but not the *common man* of the common language, but the sacred *man* of the sacred language; impliedly embracing in its meaning the highest possible conception and embodiment of the powers, attributes and perfections of a perfect physical, mental and moral, almost spiritual manhood; and in architecture meant a tabernacle set upright, anointed with holy oil and dedicated to sacred uses—a tabernacle, a habitation, a dwelling,

a holy of holies, a sanctuary of sanctuaries for the Most High.

This was the grand meaning of Mason in the sacred language of Ethiopia. This was the grand meaning of Mason in the Sanhitas, the sacred books of India: and this was the grand meaning of Mason in the Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedan; and this is the grand meaning of Mason in the Bible, the sacred book of the Christian world; and this should be its grand meaning to every man who bears the name of Mason to-day.

In the Ethiopic and the Hebrew *On* is the name of the Sun; and this is also the word which in those languages means strength or power; but not merely visible or apparent power, but the unseen, primal source from which all power comes. This power they called *The On*, and it is translated into our language by such significant words as "first-born," "firstlings of strength;" impliedly embracing in its meaning the conception of the beginnings of strength, might, excellency, dignity and power. And Jacob lay sick upon his bed; and he called unto him his sons, and said unto them: Reuben, thou art my first-born, my might and the *Oni*, the beginning of my strength, the excellency of dignity and the excellency of power. When a man maketh his sons to inherit that which he hath, he shall acknowledge the first-born by giving him a double portion of all that he hath; for he is the *Ono*, the beginning of his strength; the right of the first-born is his. This word *on*, like many other Hebrew words when used in the plural or the intensive, is repeated or doubled. Lift up now thine eyes on high and behold who has created all these things, who bringeth forth the hosts by their numbers and calleth them all by their

names, the *Merob onon*, the greatness of his strength, for he is strong in power. And from this scripture source comes the custom or law of primogeniture, which then, and ever since, and yet prevails in many nations of the Old World, by which the first-born son of the king succeeds to the throne of his father, and the first-born sons inherit the property, rights, dignities and prerogatives of their fathers; out of which grew up an aristocracy, a privileged or ruling class, a nobility; and this was the great bond of England's U-ni-on or On-i-on; and it was this class distinction sustaining thrones and despots, crown and monarchies, at which our Constitution was striking when it twice ordained that no title of nobility should ever be granted.

In the Ethiopic and Hebrew, then, *On* was the name of the Sun, and was also the word which meant strength or power, and especially that virile, manly power in man which procreates life. This power they called *The On* or Sun power, as they believed it to be derived directly from the Sun, which they believed to be the great central source of all power, and from this *On* comes the *Un* in our word sun, and also the *om* in that awful god-name Aum before which the Brahmin trembles—that unknown, unseen, dreadful something, that power high over and above all other powers, the creative power; and from this Hindu *Om*, meaning all-powerful, comes the *om* in our omnipotent, meaning the all-powerful. The heathen Hindu, to whom we now send missionaries, gave to us this grand omnific name; and our missionaries now but bear it back with a grander meaning to the land from whence it came. In the Ethiopic and the Hebrew, this word *om* and *on* is one and the same, the *m* and *n*, or their equivalents, being so interchangeable that

at the end of words one stands for the other; and so in the Ethiopic and the Hebrew, Mason doubly, first in each separate syllable, and again in the compound name, when applied to an individual, means a strong, healthy, virile, procreative, anointed, perfect man; and applied in architecture, means a tabernacle, set upright, anointed with holy oil, dedicated to sacred uses, a habitation, a dwelling, a holy of holies, a sanctuary of sanctuaries for the Most High; a building which the Great Builder, the Architect of the Universe, has builded on the *Macon*—the heavens—a dwelling place for Himself. And this is the origin and meaning of the words Mason and Masonry.

It is also an interesting inquiry why, and why it is entitled to be called, Free Masonry. After the death of Romulus, the first king of Rome, seven hundred and thirteen years before the Christian Era, the people of Rome were divided into bitterly hostile factions, and the selection of a new king aroused these factions to the very verge of civil war. The greatest division of faction was between the original Romans and the Sabines, who had been admitted to citizenship. But both realizing the necessity of a ruler to protect them from anarchy, it was agreed between the Sabines and the Romans that each of the factions might designate a candidate for king, but such proposed king should be taken, not from the faction proposing him, but from the other; and the Romans designated Numa Pompilius, a Sabine, at that time only a private citizen, but distinguished for virtue and intelligence and every great and noble quality of mind and heart, a character standing out then in solitary, heroic, peerless grandeur; peerless then and peerless since; and this selection was universally recog-

nized as so eminently the wisest and best that all these discordant elements joined as with one voice in proclaiming him their king. He at first refused to accept, but the demand being continued, urgent and unanimous, he finally accepted, and so great, wise and good was his influence that jealousy, discord and faction vanished, and the people of Rome became one, and his entire reign of forty-three years was a reign of peace, order and harmony; no war, not an insurrection, not a sword drawn, not a hand uplifted, not a voice raised against his just, wise and beneficent rule. And so widespread and benignant was his influence and example, that even the hitherto warring nations around him laid down their arms, and they too were at peace.

At that time there was in Rome certain societies or organizations or fraternities of artisans or craftsmen called colleges. The most important among them was the Masons, or Colleges of Builders. They were governed by a code, which was not merely rules for their government as artisans, but was also a moral, or rather a religious, code, and that, too, one far in advance of the pagan religions of that day. They taught the purest morality, and whilst all others worshipped idols, they worshipped an unseen or spirit god. Admission to these colleges could only be gained by the candidate passing through an initiation so severe that only the very fittest survived the ordeal. These initiatory ceremonies consisted of several degrees, embracing the learning in arts, science, mythology, astrology, philosophy and religion of the Egyptians, Hindoos, Persians, Chaldeans and Ethiopians united into one grand system called the Greater Mysteries, sacredly kept and brought down from the remotest ages. The highest and only test of admission was, Is he

worthy and well qualified? They received the good, the wise, the learned, the brave, the true, from every blood, race, tongue, people, language, nation or clime, and rejected the ignorant and bad, come from whence they might. They were skilled and learned in all the higher useful arts, and their mysteries were but the possession of great truths gathered and garnered from the wisdom of the ages. They assumed the most solemn vows of brotherhood, and to the practice of all the virtues, and to abstain from all vices. And a college of men thus chosen, thus skilled, thus learned, with such principles, and banded together for one purpose, and that a holy purpose, became of right a mighty power for good, and such a power it was, and so made its record, which is found in all that is best in all the sacred books of all the great religions of antiquity. It is found in the philosophy of the Magi and Sophi of Persia, the Hierophants of Memphis and the Gymnosophists of India. Homer, Lysurgus, Thales, Solon, Herodotus, Democritus, Orpheus, Epicurus, Plato, Apuleius, Plutarch, and St. John the Evangelist, had all passed through its ordeal and survived. And the story of the descent of Orpheus into the Shades, the story of the Isles of the Blest, of the Elysian Fields, of Elysium and Tartarus and the Apocalyptic Visions, are but veiled allegories from its dreadful drama of initiation. To the greater mysteries there was a sacred password, and when this word was spoken by one who had passed the ordeal, before him the doors of the great arcanum were opened by unseen spirit hands.

The three great religions through which Masonry has come down to us had each a Supreme God, and each a sacred name; and that talismanic word was these three god-

names combined into one, each separate, and the combined name, full of occult, awful and supernatural meaning. And it was believed that when spoken by one without sin would raise the dead, unbar the dungeon doors of Tartarus and hell, release imprisoned souls, and at that magic name the gates of Paradise and Elysium would open wide.

And these Masons, or Colleges of Builders, were builders indeed, for they builded Rome; they quarried its marbles, carved its statues, built its protecting walls, its monuments, its palaces, its temples, its pantheons and coliseums. They builded a temple to Fides, or Faith, the Goddess of Honor, or Good Faith, and in this temple the Masons worshipped, and on this altar Masons with clasped right hands took the oath of brotherhood and made their vows to that unseen spirit god as the most sacred oath and vow that Mason, man or mortal could take. Under the direction of the peace-loving King Numa they built a temple to Janus, the God of Peace. That temple had two great doors. In time of peace these doors were closed; in time of war, stood open, indicating that the god had gone forth to the camp of war; for when Rome was in peril every Roman must defend her, and even her tutelary god of peace himself must go forth, and that, too, as the leader of her legions. During the entire forty-three years of the reign of the good King Numa, the God of Peace remained in his temple, the great doors unopened, while during the centuries which thereafter came these doors stood almost continually open, Rome being almost continuously at war.

In such high estimation were the Masons held by good King Numa, that he granted to them a charter of freedom,

unlimited and perpetual. And thus free, the Masons carved and builded until Rome became the capital, queen city and proud mistress of the world. And still the Masons were free. Free during the reign of the kings. Free during the periods of the republics. Free during even the tyrannical empires of all the Caesars and all of their successors. And thus the Masons continued to be Free Masons, and Masonry a great moral power when Rome itself had ceased to be a power, and Rome itself was no longer free. And thus for twenty-seven hundred years the Masons have continued to be Free Masons, and Masonry a great moral world power, and still teaches the same grand gospel of liberty our Mason fathers taught—liberty of action, thought and conscience; teaches that all men are and of right ought to be free, free to think for themselves, free to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. Its teachings inspired the Magna Charta, the Declaration of American Independence and the Constitution ordained by Washington and the fathers of the Republic to secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity forever. It teaches, too, that there is a higher realm of freedom where truth alone makes free, free from ignorance, bigotry, superstition and sin. It teaches, too, that “They who would be free themselves must strike the blow.” Its teachings of the rights of man have caused tyrants to tremble, thrones to totter and despotisms to fall, never! never! never! again to rise.

Masonry was a potent influence in guiding our nation in its evolution from a British dependency to a great, free republic, in inspiring sentiments of liberty, in firing the hearts of men who would be free, in devising practical sys-

tems, congresses, declarations of independence, articles of confederation, constitutions, and, sword in hand, fighting freedom's battles.

In the year 1754 a congress of the colonies was held in Albany, New York, and Benjamin Franklin, a member and a Mason, introduced a plan of perpetual union; and on the fourth day of July, 1754, herald of a more glorious Fourth of July yet to come, that plan of union was adopted, and only failed by one vote of being ratified by the colonies. That great man and good Mason, Benjamin Franklin, with a prescience almost more than human, read the stars, the portents and omens of the future, but was in advance of his age. Yet his work was not lost. It was good seed sown on good ground, the germ and forerunner of that constitution which later came—the glorious constitution under which we are living to-day.

One great influence which fired the American heart and hurried on the Revolution, was the throwing of the tea overboard in Boston harbor. Three British ships lay in that harbor laden with tea. On the night of the thirteenth day of December, 1773, a great town meeting was held in the old South Church in Boston, at which the question was discussed whether that tea should be permitted to be landed. The discussion continued far into the night, but finally came to a decision, and that great meeting of seven thousand unanimously decided that the tea should not be landed. And the historian relates that when the decision was announced, Samuel Adams, the great patriot, rose and gave the *word*. Without a seeming band of some fifty Mohawk Indian warriors were waiting and listening; and answering to that *word* a shout, a war-whoop, went up, and at

a signal from John Hancock, the Mason, Paul Revere, the Mason, standing by his side, that band of Indian warriors marched single-file to Boston harbor, cast the tea into the ocean, and vanished in the darkness of the night, none knowing whence they came or whither they went. That seeming band of Indian warriors was a band of patriot Masons. A Boston Masonic Lodge had met that night, but were called from labor to refreshment; Paul Revere, the Mason, afterward Grand Master of Massachusetts, succeeding General Warren, superintending them during the hours thereof; and during those hours of refreshment they repaired to Boston harbor, refreshed themselves by casting the tea overboard, and thus refreshed they returned to the lodge and were called on again in due season. And so well was the secret kept that not until long after the war was ended was it known to any but the actors who it was that composed the famous Boston Tea Party.

On the night of the eighteenth day of April, 1775, the British General, Gage, sent a detachment of British troops from Boston to Concord to arrest Samuel Adams and John Hancock for treason, and to seize a quantity of ammunition stored at that point; and Joseph Warren, that vigilant sentinel Mason on the outposts of liberty, rang the alarm bells of Boston, and Paul Révere, the Mason, rode in the darkness of midnight like a thunderbolt of war to Lexington, and called the minute men to arms; and before the dawn of that fateful nineteenth day of April, 1775, at Lexington, the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard around the world; and there was shed the first blood of the Revolution, and freedom's great battle was on. But O, what an unequal contest! On the one side a few almost unarmed,

undisciplined farmers without a leader; on the other a well-armed, well-disciplined great army of the greatest military power in the world, with a despot for a king. And there was fought the first battle of the Revolution; and there American blood was shed; and there American lives were laid down upon freedom's altar. But that blood was not shed in vain. That day was not lost. That blood was martyr blood, and each martyr drop cried from the ground unto Heaven, and Heaven heard and answered the cry. On the nineteenth day of April, 1783, eight years to a day from the battle of Lexington where the war was begun, Washington, the Mason, Commander-in-Chief, issued a proclamation to his victorious armies, proclaiming that the war was ended and a treaty of peace had been signed between the Kingdom of Great Britain and the free and independent United States of America.

The battles of the Revolution were fought and won under the administration of the Continental Congresses, and Peyton Randolph, a Mason, was President of the First Congress, that of 1774; and that Congress adopted resolutions declaratory of American rights, and also a resolution of commercial non-intercourse with Great Britain. And John Hancock, the Mason, was President of the Second Continental Congress, that of 1775; and that Congress appointed George Washington, a Mason, Commander-in-Chief of the armies. And John Hancock, the Mason, was again President of the Third Continental Congress, that of 1776; and that Congress, thank Heaven, was nearly all Masons, for that Congress adopted the Declaration of American Independence. On the seventh day of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, a Mason from Virginia, intro-

duced into that Congress a declaration declaring that these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states; and that declaration was referred to a committee composed mostly of Masons, among them Robert Livingston, Grand Master of New York, and Benjamin Franklin, Grand Master of Pennsylvania, and that committee reported the full text of that declaration, and on the fourth day of July, 1776, that declaration was adopted. And of the fifty-six signers of that declaration of American Independence fifty-two were Masons, the first and boldest signature that of John Hancock, the Mason President of that Congress. And that declaration was written upon a white lambskin, a Mason's apron. Some years ago I saw the original parchment on which that declaration was written, in the archives of our government at Washington, sacredly kept as were the tables of stone in the ark of the covenant at Horeb, the only signature yet legible being that of John Hancock, the Mason President of that Congress. And as the sons of freemen look upon that blank parchment, with that one immortal Masonic name, what sacred memories it awakens! What hopes and glories of the future it foretells! Only a blank parchment, only a white lambskin, yet it was a sacred thing to patriot millions dead. It is a sacred thing to patriot millions living, and will be a sacred thing to patriot millions yet unborn. Only a blank parchment, only a white lambskin, yet it was the charter of a nation's liberties. Only a blank parchment, only a white lambskin, yet the grandest page the muse of history has ever read or written, or ever will.

That patriot Mason Congress of 1776, John Hancock, the Mason President, also prepared the articles of confeder-

ation. John Morton, a Mason, afterward Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, was chairman of the committee that drafted, reported and recommended the adoption of these articles, and their final adoption by Congress in 1778 is attested by the signatures of many Masons, among them John Hancock, Richard Henry Lee and William H. Drayton, Chief Justice of South Carolina and Grand Master of that State.

Many of the soldiers of the Revolution were Masons, and a large number of its officers were Masons, and all of its great generals, fifteen in number, were Masons, and five of these were Grand Masters of Grand Lodges. And the first, Washington, the Commander-in-Chief from the beginning to the end, was a Mason, a charter member and Worshipful Master of a Virginia Lodge. And General Joseph Warren, who rang the alarm bells of Boston and died upon Bunker Hill, was a Mason and Grand Master of Massachusetts. And General Steuben was a Mason. He learned the art of war under Frederick the Great, the great king and great soldier, and great Mason, and General Steuben taught that great soldier's art of war to the American army, which made it an army indeed. And General DeKalb, who fell at the battle of Camden pierced with eleven wounds, was a Mason. General John Sullivan was a Mason and Grand Master of New Hampshire. And General Richard Henry Lee, who introduced the Declaration of Independence into the Continental Congress, was a Mason. And General Rufus Putnam was a Mason and first Grand Master of Ohio. And General Israel Putnam, who commanded at Bunker Hill, was a Mason. General Lafayette, the bosom friend and companion of Washington, and General Francis Marion were

Masons. And General Richard Caswell, the first Governor of North Carolina, was a Mason and Grand Master of that State. And General Patterson was a Mason and Worshipful Master of the American Union Lodge, an army Lodge in Washington's camp. And it was in that army Lodge that Washington, the Mason, Commander-in-Chief, surrounded by his trusted Mason generals, and tiled by Mason guards, held his grand councils of war. And General David Wooster was a Mason and Worshipful Master of the first Connecticut Lodge. And General Edmund Randolph, Washington's Aid during the war, member of the United States Constitutional Convention, first United States Attorney-General, and second United States Secretary of State, and Governor of Virginia, was a Mason and Grand Master of that State. It was through the Masonic influence of Benjamin Franklin, a Mason, that General Lafayette, a Mason, together with the French nation, came to our aid. And it was Robert Morris, the Mason, who managed the nation's financial affairs through that critical period, and without which aid all else must have failed. Masons, too, ever first at the cradle of liberty, were there and gave inspiration to the Constitution of our country. Many of the members of that convention were Masons, among them Richard Henry Lee, who introduced the Declaration of Independence into the Continental Congress, and Benjamin Franklin, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and who did more to advance the science of electricity than all the two thousand four hundred years since the day of Thales of Miletus, was a Mason and Grand Master of Pennsylvania. And first and highest, the immortal Washington, the President of that Convention, was a Mason. And

thus the Presidents of all the Continental Congresses, that made Washington Commander-in-Chief, that declared the Declaration of Independence, that adopted the Articles of Confederation, and the President of the Convention that ordained our Constitution, and the first President of the United States—the first great free republic of the world—were Masons, as is also our present President now at our Nation's helm. And that grand old hero-President, Andrew Jackson, was a Mason and Grand Master of Tennessee.

One of the great casuistical questions is, Does God answer prayer? And we may confidently believe God does not answer prayer through miracles or by reversing the laws of nature. But we may well believe that God does carry into execution his designs and purposes, both in the moral and the physical world, through means and processes and natural laws set in motion, guided and directed by the human wish and will.

Geology teaches us that all creation is formation and re-formation. Every hour we see about us production and destruction, growth and decay. What wonderful processes are employed in the production of vegetable growth, from the smallest plant to the mightiest forest. The rain and the sunshine combine, and these again combine with the unseen elements of the air, and these again with the atoms of the earth, to produce verdure and forest which clothe and crown the world with beauty.

The corn in the granary is an answer to prayer—answers brought by God's own swift-winged messengers, nature's laws; answers to the prayer of the husbandman's plow in the furrow; to the prayer of the sweep and swing of the

sower's arm; to the prayer of the thrust of the keen-edged scythe in the ripened harvest; to the prayer of the resounding flail on the threshing floor; to the prayer of the winnowing fan in labor's hand.

The planting of a tree is a prayer, and though no word be spoken it is an ineffable prayer from the heart of a trust in God. Yet that prayer must await God's own good time, and for a time that prayer may seem unanswered; yet that answer is surely on the way, for day by day that tree is striking deeper and firmer its roots, day by day waving higher and higher its branches. Years go by, and it is winter. Each twig is white with frost and cold, and even the promised bud seems dead. And yet no answer to the tree-planted prayer has come. But another springtime comes, and with it leaves and buds and blossoms, heralds of promise. And later comes another time of the ripening of fruits, and lo! swaying in the autumn wind each pendent twig has brought an answer to that tree-planted prayer. Robed in garments of russet and crimson and gold, that ripened nectared fruit, apples from the gardens of the gods, are but waiting the petitioner's hand to gather the answer to that tree-planted prayer, for that answer has indeed come. But from where? or whence? or how? Before the fruit was the blossom; but whence? Before the blossom, the bud; but whence? Then further must we seek; down through the twig, the limb, the branch, the trunk. But further must we seek; down among the gnarled and knotted roots. But deeper, further yet; down among the myriad rootlets underground must we go. But deeper, further yet. But no deeper can we go, for we are now in earth's deep, dark caverns. And can it be that that glorified answer to

the prayer of faith and hope and trust in God came from this dark cell? Where are now the gnomes and titans, mighty toilers underground, of whom in the mythologies we are told? Is not this rather a tomb, a grave, a sepulchre of dead and buried hopes, than a treasure-house where gifts of God are stored? Here naught is to be seen but clods, dark, damp clods. But tear those roots and clods asunder, and the clods will remain; but the roots, the tree, the trunk, the limbs, the twig, the bud, the blossom will wither and perish and die, and no answer to the tree-planted prayer ever comes. Thus far have we traced these prayer-answering messengers of God, and the last messenger that mortal eyes has seen was but a clod. But clods are servants of God, and that dark damp came from the clouds and dews when the stars were shining, spirit messengers bearing answers to human prayer, and other willing messengers are waiting to bear these answers on. Above even the darkness, the night, the cold, the frost, the snow, the ice and blasts of winter are fellow-messengers with the dews and whispering zephyrs of summer among the leaves. And the far-away sun is sending on beams of light and warmth, tributes of perfume for its blossoms. Ripening for its nectar and dyes of crimson and gold for its robings. And thus the tree-planted prayer is answered. But from whence, and where, and how? From out the earth, the sea and the air. From out of the unseen and the infinite. Brought by God's own swift-winged messengers, nature's laws, apples of gold from the gardens, and wines from the vintages of the gods.

How wonderful, too, are the processes employed in the production of animal life, from the smallest insect to the leviathan and the behemoth. What wonderful processes

are employed in the production of a human being—this wonderful human body and more wonderful immortal soul. What a wondrous thing is the birdling in its nest and the lamb in the meadow! The sleeping, helpless babe in its cradle! All these had birth and growth and development through time and means and processes, from the lowest form of inanimate matter to the highest human intellect. Motives, passions, impulses, feelings of the heart go out and influence the will; the will directs the intelligence, and the intelligence goes out in the labors that produce results, changes conditions, creates or destroys, builds up and tears down. And good or bad feelings of the heart produce good or bad results, changing the order of events and directing the destinies. And he who rises from his knees, having sincerely asked for aid and guidance from on high, will rise with a better heart and a higher and holier purpose within him, and that holier purpose will go out and influence and direct the will, and will find expression in labors that produce good results, and these results are the answers to prayer; and thus the tree-planted prayer has been answered. For the labor that planted it has been answered, and when the labor that planted and tended is answered, the labor that inspired it is answered, and thus God does answer prayer; not through miracles or the reversion of natural laws, but through means and processes, and directly through natural laws set in motion, guided and directed by human wish and will; an answer to the prayer of the heart and the hand; an answer to the prayer of faith and works, an answer to the prayer of intelligence and labor; for the Mason's motto is, "*Laborare est orare*, labor is worship, labor is prayer."

One of the most forcible illustrations of this theory is found in an event which occurred in the United States Constitutional Convention; an event not only of world-wide, but almost of eternity-wide importance. Many members of that Convention warmly favored the adoption of the draft of the Constitution as prepared by a committee of five appointed for that purpose, while many others bitterly opposed it; and these dissensions culminated in differences which seemed irreconcilable, and a resolution was introduced to adjourn without day, with every probability that it would be adopted, when Benjamin Franklin, a member, and a Mason, over eighty years of age, introduced a substitute resolution, that instead of adjourning without day, each morning before commencing their deliberations a prayer be offered up asking wisdom and guidance from on high, and with majestic eloquence plead for its adoption, declaring that for himself he would join in that prayer, and so conduct himself as if he believed (which indeed he did) that God was waiting and willing to answer the prayers should they be found worthy. The resolution was adopted. The first prayer was offered, and a holy hush and calm from above came down upon them, and thenceforward the discussions were conducted with temperate zeal, with mutual concession and courtesy, and resulted in the adoption of that glorious Constitution under which we are living to-day; a Constitution, which, together with the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount and the Declaration of American Independence will constitute a grand code of government for the world when the millenium comes. And thus the prayer of that good man and Mason, Benjamin Franklin, was answered; and thus the morning prayer

of that great Constitutional Convention, the grandest sanhedrin that ever sat in council, was answered. God had indeed answered with the grandest answer the grandest prayer that ever went up from the footstool to the throne; and that nation, then composed of a few feeble, discordant colonies, grew into a great free nation, the greatest, freest nation in the world, the only nation truly free, the only nation in which the people govern themselves; and under the protecting Aegis of that Constitution is gathered the lives, the liberties, the homes, the destinies of a nation of eighty millions of free, happy, united people, the bonds of union every year growing brighter and stronger; every year another sister State added to the band of the free, and every year another star added to the constellation on its flag. Who that believes that God made and rules the world can doubt that that Constitution was an answer to prayer? Who can doubt that its authors were inspired by wisdom from on high? Who can doubt that their lips were touched as with a live coal from the altar, as were the hallowed lips of Isaiah and the other great prophets of old?

And thus it will be seen that Masonry was the inspiration, and Masons the elected instrumentality through which our liberties were won. Without Masons and Masonry, the tea would not have been thrown overboard at Boston. Without Masons and Masonry, the alarm bells of Boston would not have been rung. Without Masons and Masonry, the battle of Lexington would not have been fought. Without Masons and Masonry, Washington would not have been appointed commander-in-chief. Without Masons and Masonry, the Declaration of Independence would not have been declared. Without Masons and Masonry, the

Articles of Confederation would not have been adopted. Without Masons and Masonry, the battles of the Revolution would not have been fought, or, if fought, without its Mason generals, could not have been won. Without Masons and Masonry, the Constitution of the United States would not have been ordained. Strike from the history of our revolutionary period this mighty chain of events, strike a single mighty link from this mighty chain, and our liberties would not have been won. And thus, in the very throes of our nation's birth, when freedom's battles were being fought and freedom's triumphs won, Masons were there in the thick and forefront of the fight, and Mason captains, too, it was that led her conquering heroes on; and Masons, too, it was that wrote the title deeds and gave inspiration to the world's great charters and monuments of liberty.

When Washington took the first oath as President of the United States, the oath was administered by Robert Livingston, the Grand Master of New York, on the Altar Bible of St. John's Lodge No. 1; and when the corner stone of the capitol was laid at Washington, the stone was laid by Masons, and Washington was present as President and also as a Mason, clothed in the Masonic regalia. Washington the Great, Washington the greatest of mortals, Washington the immortal, lived and died a Mason, and Masons bore his sacred dust to the tomb and laid upon his coffin the Acacia, symbol of immortality, and every century hereafter, for centuries and centuries, Masons will gather at that shrine to render homage akin to worship.

Richard, the Lion Hearted, was a Mason; and Cromwell, the Protector, was a Mason; and Garibaldi, the Liberator

of Italy, was a Mason; and Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot, was a Mason, and was brought to light in the City of Indianapolis in the old hall which stood where now this Temple stands; Henry Clay, the great orator and statesman, was a Mason and Grand Master of Kentucky; Burns, the great poet; Wesley, the great Evangelist; Wren and Steinbach, the great architects, were Masons—great men, they shed lustre upon Masonry, but Masonry had helped to make them great.

Masonry extends, too, to labor's hand a friendly and a brotherly token. It teaches the duty and dignity of labor. It teaches that all labor that is useful is honest, and all labor that is honest is honorable; that labor is not a badge of servility, but a crown of honor. It teaches, too, that labor creates all; that in the beginning labor, the labor of an Almighty hand, created the heavens and the earth and all that in them is. The Mason's motto is, "*Laborare est orare*;" labor is worship, labor is prayer." In our ritual the Mason will find a friend and monitor, for it teaches him how to employ his time, how to divide the hours of the day. And first, eight hours to the service of God, and eight hours to labor in his usual vocation. And this grand precept has gone out of our Lodges, out and abroad into the world, until custom, commerce, law and humanity's great heart have caught up the cry, and they too have said and are saying, and will continue to say, eight hours for labor.

Yes, Masonry in its origin was a religion, and to our ancient brethren their all, for life and death, for earth and sky, for time and the eternal, and might almost yet be called a religion. Upon our altars glows a Great Light, a lamp to our feet and a light to our path; the same Great

Light that illumines the highest religious thought of the world to-day. We put our trust in the same God, we accept the same commandments and sermons given to our fathers upon the mountains, whether amid the thunders of Sinai or the quiet groves of Olivet.

Many of the great religious festivals of the world are of Masonic origin. The ancient Masons celebrated every year four great festivals, all astronomical, the solstices and the equinoxes. These notable phenomena in the sky the ancient Masons celebrated as festivals thousands of years ago. They celebrated the summer solstice, the 24th day of June, the longest day in the year, and yet celebrate it as the festival of St. John, the Baptist. They also celebrated the winter solstice, the 25th day of December, the shortest day in the year, and the ancient Masons commenced their new year on this day. And the deity that presided in the sky over the opening of this new year they called Janus, or the opener of the door of the heavens, from which comes our word "janitor," the door opener, and "January," the first or opening month in the year. This solstice is also yet celebrated by the Masons as a festival, and intended to be called by its ancient name, but slightly changed in the pronunciation—not Janus's day, but St. John's day, the festival of St. John, the Evangelist. And the midnight hour of this festival day they celebrated with feasts and songs and gladness and rejoicings, as on that midnight hour the sun seemed to stand for a moment still, and in that moment of stillness cold winter died and the new year and springtime were born. It is now called Christmas, and the "mas" is the same as the "mas" in Mason and Messiah, which means

“to anoint,” or “the anointed,” and is yet celebrated the wide world over with feasts and songs and gladness and rejoicings. Our ancient brethren called it *Uled*, a name given to it by the Chaldeans thousands of years ago. In the Chaldaic language *Uled* means at the very beginning—the instant at which order came out of chaos—the instant at which light sprang from darkness; and in the Chaldaic and Hebrew this word *Uled* means “a birth,” or “to be born,” and is the identical word used by God himself when he said to Eve, “In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children;” the identical word used when it is said that Cain, the first-born child was born; the identical word used when it was said that Abel and Seth and Enoch and Methuselah and Noah and Shem and Ham and Japheth were born. It is also the identical word used when it is said that unto the sons of God and the daughters of men children were born, mighty men of renown. It is also the identical word used when it is said that the patriarchs were born; and again when God promised Abraham that a son should be born unto Sarah. It is the identical word used when God said unto David, “Behold, a son shall be born unto thee, and he shall be a man of rest, for his name shall be Solomon,” the sign or symbol of peace; the identical word used by the prophets when they foretold the birth of the Savior, saying, “A man of God came out of Judea unto Bethel, and cried against the altar, O altar, altar, thus saith the Lord: Behold, a child shall be born unto the House of David, Josiah his name.” And again when Isaiah utters that wonderful prophecy, “For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and

his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

Yes, Masonry in its origin was a religion, and might yet almost be called a religion. Our pathway on earth is the same, and our goal beyond is the same. Both teach men better how to live, and better how to die. And both teach that though a man die, yet he shall live again. Our ritual is a sublime scheme of moral philosophy, and outside of Christianity the highest and best known to men, and well worthy to go hand in hand and a co-worker with religion, and for centuries so hand in hand has gone, and for centuries yet to come so hand in hand will go.

Many members of those Roman Colleges of Builders accompanied the legions under Caesar into Gaul and Britain nearly two thousand years ago. They were the engineers for the legions, constructing their camps and fortifications, and founded many of what are now great cities of Great Britain. And as members of such Colleges of Builders they were still free; free from all laws but their own, and amenable to no tribunal but their own. The good King Numa, a king chosen and crowned by the people; a king, yet an apostle of liberty and peace, granted the Masons of Rome a charter of freedom. To the Romans the far-away land of Gaul, the sunset side of the Alps, was then an unknown wilderness, its people wandering savages. Seven hundred years later, in Bethlehem of Judea, arose a yet greater prophet, a yet mightier king, and gave to the world a yet grander charter of freedom, and that later prophet, that mightier king, sent forth his apostles and commanded them to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. And as they went, some of them came to Rome,

then the capital, the queen city, the *imperium in imperio* of the world. And there they taught, saying, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down unto them nor serve them; for God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. The Romans also had a worship, magnificent temples and a powerful priesthood and many gods, but not spirit gods. Their people and their Caesars, and even their Virgils and Ciceros bowed down in adoration to images of molten brass and sculptured stone called Jupiter, and Mars, and Bacchus, and Apollo, and Venus, and Juno, and Diana, and Minerva, and a host of other gods and goddesses, great and small. And those idol-worshipping Romans persecuted the Christians because they refused to bow down to those graven images, or worship those idol gods; persecuted them with prison, stripes and death. The Masons had been commanded when persecuted in one city to flee to another, and thus persecuted in the great city of Rome, then the center of the world's civilization, they fled to the land of the savage, to the wilderness of Gaul. But by decree of the Roman Emperor, persecution followed them even there. But Numa's Colleges of Builders, Numa's Masons, Numa's Free Masons were there, and there before them, and still free. And when the Christians learned that the Masons were thus free and above the laws of imperial Rome, they sought and gained admission to the Masonic fraternities, and this admission at once invested them with the same rights of freedom where the edicts of persecution and death of idol-worshipping Roman Emperors could not reach

them. And when thus admitted, to their mutual glad surprise, they found that the philosophy of the Masons and the religion of the Christians in all their great essential teachings were the same. Both taught the existence of one God, the immortality of the soul, a future of rewards and punishments. Both taught the great fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man, and they thus found themselves bound together by a common tie, the tie of a sworn brotherhood and believers in the same creed and gospel of truth. And thenceforward from the Masonic colleges went out Christianity's greatest apostles and boldly preached the gospel under the protecting shield of the Masonic name, until Christianity became a great moral power, and later, under the Emperor Constantine, a great political power. For the Emperor became first a Mason, and then a Christian, and then proclaimed Christianity the religion of the State, which it ever since has been and yet is, and able to protect itself. And then the Masons built for the Christians their churches, their abbeys, their altars and their cathedrals.

One Christian Mason fell a martyr. Carausias was at that time commander of the Roman navy. He took possession of Britain, and proclaimed himself Emperor of the West. Albanus, a Christian and a Mason, was then Britain's first Grand Master of Masons, and he conducted the negotiations between the Masons and the Emperor with such success that the Emperor confirmed to the Masons all their ancient privileges, and Albanus then attempted to convert the Emperor to Christianity, at which the Emperor took such offense that he ordered Albanus to be beheaded, which was done. And thus Britain's first Grand Master of

Masons became Britain's first Christian martyr. The place where he was martyred was then the royal residence of the Emperor and was called Verulam, but the name was changed to that of the Martyred Grand Master, and for a thousand years the name has been, and yet is, Saint Albans, a town on a hill near what is now England's great capital city, then but a hamlet.

And thus he died. Died as the Messiah died. Died as died the Masons' First Grand Master, the first grand architect of the first grand temple to the living God. They all died martyrs. All hated because they were good, and slain by those they would have blest. The Messiah died upon Mount Calvary. The Masons' first Grand Master died upon Mount Moriah, and England's first grand Master upon Mount Verulam, now St. Albans. They all died upon mountain tops, and their martyr blood made those mounts, like Horeb and Sinai, holy ground, sacred places, shrines forever. But not to the chief priests and elders, not to the Pilates, the Herods or the Caesars; not to the crucifiers, the murderers; but to the crucified, the murdered, the noble, holy, martyred God-like dead. And thus is good brought out of evil. The cross is changed from ignominy to a symbol of glory shining with the inscription, "In this sign conquer." And the grave where the body lays down its bones, is where the spirit, too, lays down its fetters and takes on its seraphim wings. It was the crucifixions and the martyrdoms that touched and awakened humanity's great heart, and this made Christianity and Masonry, and this again made the world's highest and best civilization. Strike the crucifixion from Christianity, strike the murdered Grand Master from Masonry, and the great central figure, the

spirit, the divine essence, the inspiration would be lost. Every holy cause must have a baptism, and that baptism must always be in blood, and that blood must always be of the bravest and best, and a resurrection to a higher life can only be by an angel from heaven rolling back a great stone from the door of the sepulchre. The death of the martyred Grand Master united the Masons and Christians of England in a new and holier tie and a grander purpose. That holier tie a great, common sorrow, mourners at the same tomb; that grander purpose a greater determination to overcome evil with good, as good is the mighty weapon with which all evil shall be overcome and finally destroyed, as the warmest, softest, gentlest sunbeam not only loosens but breaks the strongest fetters of ice the fiercest, coldest north wind can bind.

The Masons, too, suffered persecution; persecution by tyrants, despots and bigots, because they stood for the rights of man and proclaimed and demanded civil, religious and political liberty. But from this persecution they came forth grander, braver, stronger and purer, as flowers yield their sweetest perfume when bruised, as the purest gold comes from fires that are fiercest, as the oak exposed to the storm but strikes a deeper, firmer root than the oak that is sheltered from the blast.

With this notable exception of the martyred Grand Master, Masonry protected Christianity in England in the days of its weakness, and the historian declares that it was thus better protected and preserved in greater purity in England than in any other nation. And this is the source from which comes the inspiration which made England what it has been and is, and to this it owes the high civilization it

enjoys to-day. Masonry and Christianity hand in hand were the moral inspiration which gave to England dominion of the sea, made it the autocrat of commerce and a great center from which radiated, and is radiating, illumination to the world.

How wonderfully the ages are linked together. Two thousand and seven hundred years ago, the good King Numa granted to the Masons of the then infant city of Rome a charter of freedom; and thus free, they carved and builded and developed the arts of sculpture and architecture and builded Rome, and thence carried the arts of civilization into the wilderness of Gaul, and from thence it spread abroad into hemispheres and continents then unknown, and became a mighty influence in moulding and directing the civilization of the world; then and ever since until now, a mighty moral force for good, and so it will continue to be until time shall be no more.

Yes, how wonderfully the ages are linked together. Strike Christianity from the world, and how changed would be its civilization. Strike Masonry from the past and again how changed. But strike both Masonry and Christianity and their joint work from the world, and again how changed, how darkly changed would be the destiny of man. The good King Numa could not foresee these grand results; but we, the heirs of his good deeds, can look back along the pathway of time and history, and read the records of the epochs, and see the great links of the mighty chain binding the destiny of the past with the destiny of the present and all time to come. Most kings have been despots and tyrants and scourges, but that one good deed of a good king, two thousand seven hundred years ago, was the fountain source

of a stream of beneficence to the world which has flowed on, broadening and deepening and widening as the ages past rolled by, and will continue to broaden and deepen and widen as the ages yet to come roll on, roll on, roll on forever.

The reverent man cannot believe this was the mere accident of human events, the mere random cast of a die, from the hand of a blind fate, but must be a design from the trestle of the Grand Architect, and foreordained in the councils of heaven. Yes, Masonry is old, old as the religions of Egypt, India, Persia, Chaldea, and Ethiopia, from which it has come down to us. It builded the monuments of the buried long ago. It laid the foundation stones of the pyramids, standing out among the desert sands like mighty tombstones at the sepulchres of dead empires. It has founded nations, and written their epitaphs. Old, yes older than history. Old, yes older than tradition. Old, its record may be read in the scattered leaves of the mythologies, in the papyri of Egypt, and the vitrified bricks of Babylon, and the long-buried but now exhumed tablets of Nineveh and the obelisks of Luxor and Karnak; and far down under ground the explorer of to-day, by the light of his lamp, may read the Masonic signets set there three thousand years ago upon the very foundation stones of Solomon's Temple; and read those signets again in the great quarries from whence the stones for its building were taken.

And may it be perpetual! While the stars glitter in the firmament of night, while the sun rides in a chariot of fire through heaven's vault at noon-day, may it be perpetual! While storm shall rage and lightnings flash, and thunders crash, may it be perpetual! While sickness, sin and sor-

row, pestilence and death walk abroad, may it be perpetual !
While brother needs a brother, while widows weep and
orphans moan, may it be perpetual ! While truth needs an
advocate, innocence a defender, virtue a protector, freedom
a soldier or mercy a ministering angel, may it be perpetual !
And not until the last sin shall have been forgiven, and
the last tear wiped from sorrow's eye, then, and not till
then, will it have ended its mission of mercy here below.
And it will be perpetual, for its great triune principles of
faith, hope and charity are perpetual. Faith can not die.
Hope is ever young, and Charity is immortal.



LET THERE BE LIGHT.

BY J. CAVEN, K. T., 33°.

GENESIS, CHAPTER I.

1. In the beginning God created the Heaven and the Earth.
2. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.
3. And God said, Let there be Light; and there was light.

"Let there be Light," Jehovah said.

Creation's vaulted dome resplendent shone,

Old Chaos all affrighted fled

From off his dark and gloomy throne,

The waters rolled away, the earth was born,

And smiling, glowed beneath creation's morn.

"Let there be Light!" The Sun began

Its mighty march across the bended sky;

And then it seemed to wondering man

A glance from God's all-seeing eye.

As thus it flung its blazing beams abroad

And whelmed in light the universe of God.

"Let there be Light!" The Moon arose

And hung on high its sheen of dazzling light.

And myriad gleams of glory throws

Across the darksome brow of night:

And clouds that through the sky in blackness rolled

Are robed in white and crowned with gold.

"Let there be Light!" The stars that throng
 The sky in constellations bright and grand
 Burst forth in one undying song.

That trembling swept o'er sea and land.
 Their mighty anthem still shall grandly pour
 Till time shall cease, shall cease and be no more.

The morning stars together sang.

Encircling wide the great all-central throne,
 And Earth and Heaven together rang
 With that triumphant music tone,
 As echoing through the gloomy shades of night
 That choral strain sublime, "Let there be Light!"

"Let there be Light!" Huge comets came
 And forth upon their mighty mission went,
 With forms of fire and wings of flame
 To heaven's remotest battlement,
 To realms of deepest, darkest, furthest night
 They bore that great command, "Let there be Light!"

"Let there be Light!" Fierce lightning flashed:
 With bolts of flame that awful gloom was rent,
 And peal on peal the thunder crashed
 Across the blackened firmament,
 As though Omnipotence in anger spoke
 And thus primeval night and silence broke.

But silent now that thunder tone.

And lo! in beauty o'er the sky unfurled
 That grandly stretched from zone to zone,
 An arch of promise to the world;
 Glowing midst the clouds so pure and hoary,
 Is traced the rainbow's path of glory.

All glowing from the sacred page,

Whose beams divine the human soul illumine,
That burns undimmed from age to age,

Dispelling fast earth's moral gloom,
Behold a greater light than all is given,
Whose radiance lights the path that leads to heaven.

When comes the Horse and Rider pale,

And Death's hoodwink shall close the Mason's sight,
When past the dark and shadowy vale,

All shall be brought to further light
Within that Lodge that's builded on the sky,
And lighted by our God's all-seeing eye.

Omniscient truth shall light the soul

When lost the Sun, and Moon, and every Star;
And whilst eternal ages roll,

In mighty cycles sweeping far,
No sorrow cloud shall dim that Lodge above--
'Tis lighted by our Master's smile of love.



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JAN 1989

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